THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

EDUCATION.

For The Port Folio.

A CHARGE, &c.

(*Continued from p.* 92.)

SUCH are the prominent advantages attached to this profession. In common, however, with all other professions, it has a reverse, which should be well contemplated by every one disposed to embrace it. Though it sometimes opens an extensive and unimpeded avenue to the temples of wealth, of honour, and of fame, in which its votaries may solace the residue of life by reposing in the aromatick bowers of luxury, cheered by "cates ambrosial and the nectar'd bowl," and fanned by the invigorating breath of popular applause, yet are they frequently enticed thither by the fascinating, but treacherous promises of Hope, through devious paths, which, however brilliant and alluring at their entrance and flattering in their progress, terminate in obscurity, and suddenly precipitate the unwary traveller through the vortex of disappointment into the gulf of poverty.

The life of a Merchant is a life of uninterrupted anxiety and apprehension. The dangers of the sea, the fluctuation of markets, the uncertainty of sales, the solvency of purchasers, and the fidelity of correspondents, all combine to agitate his mind with the constant alternations of hope and fear. This painful solicitude is admirably portrayed by Shakspeare, in his Merchant of Venice, where Salanio naturally accounts for the sadness of Antonio, the merchant, by supposing that "his mind was tossing on the ocean." Were I merchant, says he,

"My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats;

And see my wealthy Andrew docked in
sand,
Veiling her high top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dang'rous
rocks,
Which, touching but my gentle vessel's
side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
And—in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing."

Merchant of Venice, act 1, *sc.* 1.

With all this uncertainty of issue, all this unavoidable anxiety and care, the profession should never be entered upon without much previous deliberation, and a conviction of the possession of such talents, and so ardent a predilection for it, as would enable you to meet its vicissitudes with composure, to encounter its exigencies with fortitude, and to extricate yourselves, if possible, from its embarrassments with promptitude and activity.

The profession of the Law introduces its students into a very extensive field of usefulness, and rewards their diligent exertions with the grateful, the exhilarating meed of affluence and fame.

With the possession of those native endowments, and the acquisition of those extensive qualifications which are necessary to give celebrity to the character, a man may, in this department of society, render himself both the ornament and the protector of his country. To defend the rights of the oppressed, to vindicate the claims of injured innocence, to detect the artifices of fraud, and check the progress of vice, to apply the principles of equity, and enforce the operations of justice, are exertions worthy of the powers and dignity of a rational being, and in the highest degree honourable to the individual by whom they are made, and beneficial to the community whose rights and interests are thus powerfully supported and enforced.

A wide range of literature is required in the exercise of this profession; an acquaintance not only with the general and abstract principles of jurisprudence, but with the civil history of mankind, with the laws, the manners, and customs of different nations. For the acquisition of all this necessary knowledge, much previous study and toilsome research are necessary, and when the advantages resulting from them are obtained, and the professional information of the student universally acknowledged, still, in the most prosperous exercise of the profession, he must constantly wade through the dry formalities of precept, the fatiguing recitation of precedent, and the dull, and frequently intricate labyrinth of authorities, to elucidate and support his cause; in ascertaining the merits of which, he must often sacrifice his time in listening to the uninteresting and tedious details of ignorant and loquacious clients, and, perhaps be subjected to their unjust and unreasonable remonstrances and murmurs, against unavoidable delays in the progress, and, in many cases, the unsuccessful termination of their suits. Add to this, that with all the theoretical knowledge of a Blackstone, a Mansfield, and a Burke, unless a man, with other essential qualifications, be an acute and profound logician, and an eloquent and graceful speaker, though he may, in time, amass a fortune, by unremitting attention and a slavish performance of his professional duties, he will never be an ornament to the bar, or command the

admiration and applause of the publick. For, to persuade, to convince the judgment, to affect the hearts of those whom he addresses, and to gain an ascendancy over his antagonist, either by fair arguments, by ridicule, by sophistry, or by expostulation, require a suavity of manner, a dignity of deportment, a command of voice, an expressive gracefulness of action, and a versatility of countenance, which are not always to be found combined in the professors of this science.

The Barrister should, at all times, be prepared promptly to encounter casuistry, criticism, ridicule, contradiction, jest, sophistry, and sarcasm; and should therefore be armed with all the weapons of defence with which nature and art can furnish him: otherwise his arguments will be subverted, his remonstrances defeated, his persuasions rendered nugatory, and consequently his pleading ineffectual.

The Physician, though less exposed to publick observation and criticism, exercises a profession in no degree inferiour in importance, or usefulness. His preservation of the lives, and restoration of the health of individuals, constitute him a character in the highest degree valuable to the society in which he resides, and widely and powerfully extend his influence on the publick weal; for, by restoring to activity those powers of body and mind which accident has suspended, or sickness impaired, he performs an essential service to the community at large, in thus preserving one of its members. He, who by his skill in this profession, arrests the progress of disease, and thereby averts the uplifted arm of death, unquestionably renders also, by his salutary relief, not only an inestimable benefit to the afflicted object of his care, but to the whole circle of his anxious relatives and sympathizing friends; by recalling the apparently devoted victim to the proper exercise of his faculties, the enjoyment of social intercourse, and to the embraces of fond affection; a benefit which would always be gladly purchased by the sufferer with the sacrifice of any portion of his property or possessions: health being universally and justly considered as the first, or most valuable, of all earthly enjoyments. "O! blessed Health," exclaims a celebrated modern authour who had long languished under the loss of it,* "O! blessed Health, thou art above all gold and treasure, 'tis thou who enlargest the soul, and openest all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue. He who has thee has little more to wish for; and he who is so wretched as to want thee, wants everything with thee!"

To a benevolent mind, therefore, the exercise of this profession must ever afford a most refined and rational delight: but the same principle of delicate sensibility, which administers such solid satisfaction and comfort, is previously the source of a correspondent degree of pain; for the contemplation of human misery and wo must ever agonize the sympathetick heart: and the path of the physician through the variegated scenery of this "working day world," as Shakspeare has justly denominated it, is darkened by "a broader, browner shade" of human misery, than that of any other professional walk. For, to adopt the energe-

* Sterne.

tick language of the eloquent and illustrious Burke, when speaking of the philanthropick Howard, the Physician is called upon, " to dive into the depth of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain, to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt, to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compare and collate the distress of all men of all countries."* He is called upon to relieve the various and incommunicable pains and diseases of infantile innocence and imbecility; to arrest the progress, and avert the operation of the many maladies which assail maturer age; to soften the asperities of declining life, and mitigate the infirmities of exhausted nature: nay, to sooth the sorrows of expiring existence, to invigorate the frame enfeebled by the wasting power of sickness, pain, and time; to control

——the doubtful strife
Of Nature struggling in the grasp of death.†

and even to assuage the convulsive pangs of dissolution.

To these painful circumstances, attendant upon the exercise of this profession, must be added, the uncertain command of time.

The Physician is subjected to continual interruptions, whether he be obtaining, by repose, the restoration of his wearied powers, both of body and mind, engaged in the study of his profession, and endeavouring to investigate and ascertain the causes and cure of diseases; or relaxing the severity of anxious reflection on the various subjects committed to his care, by enjoying the pleasures of social intercourse, and participating in those rational and refined amusements, which solace the mind, and gladden the heart of " the way-worn traveller." By the physician, no hour can be called his own: he is perpetually and suddenly summoned from his bed, his studious retirement, his domestick comforts, and the exhilarating delights of the festive board, to listen to the groans of anguish, the sighs of sorrow, and the murmurings of misery. And for many of these painful sacrifices of time and of sensibility, he receives not the smallest compensation; for his duty frequently calls him to visit the poor and the needy, and when the solicitations of disease are enforced by the clamours of poverty, he must have a heart of adamant indeed, who could wring from the hands of such afflicted fellow-creatures, the pittance laboriously earned for the purchase of their daily bread.

The practical and theoretical departments of this profession form a very striking contrast: the former, as we have seen, is attended with many inconveniences, and the most painful exercise of our sympathetick sensations; the latter is an inexhaustible source of the most interesting and important inquiry. To examine into the wonderful construction of the human body, to observe the influence of air, food, and other external principles upon it, to note the causes, progress, and cure, of the innumerable diseases to which it is subjected, to penetrate the mysteries

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* *Vide* Mr. Burke's speech on the Hustings of the city of Bristol, previous to the election in 1780, Chapman's Select Speeches. vol. 3.

† Armstrong's Art of preserving Health, B. 2. l. 120.

of nature, by ascertaining the qualities and operations of plants and fossils, and their various chymical combinations,—these pursuits must ever afford to an inquisitive and comprehensive mind, the most rational and sublime delight. But, to be enabled fully and judiciously to prosecute this science, a wide and diversified range of classical and philosophical literature, is indispensably necessary. Many of the most valuable medical communications have been given to the world in Greek and Latin, some of which have never yet been translated into English. The Physician must also possess a correct acquaintance with the principles of natural and experimental philosophy, of the mathematicks, and also of the philosophy of the human mind: for, of the influence of mental affections on diseases, both as preventives and remedies, no doubt, I believe, is now entertained; some of the passions exciting the powers of the vital system, and rousing the faculties into action, and others as powerfully tending to depress and debilitate them.

The science of medicine, in its most comprehensive sense, is exercised by three descriptions of practitioners, viz. Physicians, Surgeons, and Apothecaries, who though apparently independent of each other, are, in this country, connected in so near a relationship as to be rendered almost constituent parts of the general character.

Should any of you incline to this profession in any one of these three characters, a regard for the common interests of society, and the irresistible impulse of humanity, compel me to implore you not to indulge a thought of entering upon it without having first provided the only safe and sufficient foundation for its exercise, a truly liberal education. The responsibility of the physician is, indeed, incalculably great; the health, the happiness, and the lives of his fellow-creatures being committed to his care: and though pretenders to knowledge in all professions abound, yet in none is empiricism so dangerous and destructive as in the profession of medicine, which is at best an uncertain art; and when exercised by the ignorant and the injudicious, the evil resulting to the credulous and unhappy patient must be severe, and frequently irremediable. "Against those vultures of mankind," says an eloquent modern writer, on this subject, "against those vultures of mankind, those harpies of society, who scatter pain and death around, under pretence of affording relief, and who not only delude but destroy those who apply to them, as to friends, under the pressure of the heaviest calamities, every honest mind must feel an indignant sentiment. The loss occasioned by the deceiver who preys upon the possessions of his fellow-creatures, may be repaired by subsequent industry, or good fortune, but deception, in *this* instance, is usually followed by destruction."* Whereas, the scientifick, and of course skillful professor, will ever be considered as a benefactor to society, as the friend of the wretched, and as the guardian angel of those who are writhing in the agonies of pain, or languishing under the pressure of disease.

The last delineation of professional character, which remains yet to be exhibited is that of the

* V. Knox's Essays, No. 38.

Divine. And here, to the scholar, the man of genius, of reflection, and of virtue—the comfort, the satisfaction, the inexpressible self-complacency, resulting from the prosecution of professional studies, and the discharge of professional duties, are as infinitely superiour to those arising from any other profession or calling, as the interests of Eternity are superiour to those of Time. For, what employment can be more useful, what exertions more laudable, than those which tend solely to the promotion of our own best and most important interests, and those of our fellow-creatures: those interests which partake not of the imperfection, the uncertainty, and brevity, of this evanescent and delusive scene of things; but which are pure, spiritual, eternal?

It is true, the student of divinity must expect to forego many of the pleasures and enjoyments which are eagerly pursued and grasped at by the man of the world, a participation of them in an extensive degree not being consistent either with the dignity or gravity of his professional character; though he is by no means called upon to practise the rigid austerity of an ascetick, or even to withdraw from the rational and innocent pleasures of social life. He must also expect, in the exercise of his profession, to experience much self-denial, some corporal as well as mental fatigue, some unavoidable censure, and, in general, a very inadequate pecuniary compensation for the exercise of his various parochial duties, which frequently involve him not only in anxiety with respect to his daily subsistence, but in actual embarrassment, notwithstanding the most rigid economy: these, where they occur, being very serious inconveniences to the sufferer (though in relation to this world only) are, when viewed through the proper medium, and considered in connexion with "the recompense of the reward,"* which awaits his faithful discharge of duty, greatly diminished in their pressure, nay rendered "trifles light as air," when compared with even the feeble ideas he can frame of the glory which shall be conferred on a diligent and dutiful servant of the Most High God, in a future state of retribution; where we are assured, that "they who turn many to righteousness, shall shine as the stars, forever and ever."† "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life,"‡ is a promise, which outweighs in value the wealth of a wide extended universe. His responsibility indeed is great, but these and similar assurances animate his exertions, and enable him to go on, "conquering and to conquer;" they purify and sublime his thoughts, his hopes, his aspirations; they elevate him above the toils, the troubles, and the vanities of this temporary scene of trial;

——"his heart he fixes on the skies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.§

What profession, then, what occupation can, in point of dignity, of real usefulness, of self-satisfaction, of self-interest, of present comfort, and of future joy, be compared with that which connects the interests of Eternity with those of Time. All other professions relate, in their profit and prosecution, to this world only, and their enjoyment perishes with the life of the possessor, whereas, the life

* Heb. xi. 26. † Dan. xii. 3. ‡ Rev. ii. 10.
§ Young's Night Thoughts, N. 4.

of the conscientious and active Divine is employed in "laying up treasures in heaven;" he speaks, he thinks, he acts, for eternity, and the life of holiness begun on earth will there go on to higher degrees of purity until it terminate in the perfection of felicity in the regions of the blest above.

These, my young friends, are the general advantages and disadvantages attendant upon the principal professions and occupations which engage the attention of mankind; and though they all partake of that imperfection which is naturally attached to every thing earthly; yet it were better to pursue the lowest and most laborious of them all, than to remain in a state of inactivity and idleness, that being the most dangerous as well as the most delusive state, in which the human mind can possibly exist; for, without mental activity, the intellectual powers become torpid and insensible, as the corporal do without proper exercise; the passions obtain an unrestrained sway; and all the evil propensities of our nature are thereby enabled to "lead us captive at their will." Prudently resolve, therefore, let your fortunes or expectations be what they may, to adopt one of these professions, as that from which you are to derive future honour, wealth and entertainment. Thus will you not only provide a rational and useful mode of employment and amusement, but, in case of the unexpected failure of your pecuniary resources, a means of securing yourselves against the pressure of poverty, and of repairing what either your own misconduct or that of others may unfortunately have deprived you of. And before you make the election I have recommended, consider well, and let your reflection be aided by the impartial counsel of a judicious friend or friends, whether you possess talents natural, as well as acquired, which are suited to that particular profession; if you do, it will always be exercised by you with pleasure and increased delight; if not, be assured its exercise will be a severe drudgery; nor will you ever rise in it to that celebrity, dignity, or wealth which every virtuously ambitious mind should be anxious to acquire.

I have now dwelt so long upon that highly interesting topick, the choice of a profession, that I must condense into very narrow bounds, indeed, the advice I would offer, respecting your general conduct through life.

And first, as to your manners, or external deportment.

Let politeness, affability, gentleness and ease, ever mark your behaviour. Towards your elders and superiours, conduct yourselves with the most respectful deference; towards your equals, observe an affectionate and graceful carriage; towards your inferiours, a mild and condescending demeanour. Conscious of the inestimable value of that important and rapidly decreasing talent, Time, let no hour pass by, without bearing a commission to testify, to the Recording Angel your improvement in knowledge, in virtue, and in piety. In your intercourse with mankind, observe the most minute and rigid punctuality, in all your engagements. Let no motives of interest, no conformity to custom, no requisition of politeness, ever induce you, in the smallest degree, to violate truth, or suppress the dictates of candour. Eagerly embrace every opportunity which offers, to perform an act of benevolence, of courtesy, or charity; and "be not ashamed, when

it concerneth your soul." Suffer not the delusive enticements of depravity to withdraw you from the observance of religious duties, or to impress your minds with even a momentary belief that their obligations may, at any time, or under any circumstances, be voluntarily eluded or violated with impunity. Consider the high responsibility, and the inestimable privileges you possess, in consequence of your being born in a Christian country, and of Christian parents. O! avail yourselves of the blessings which the holy religion of Jesus Christ offers to your acceptance: Remember, that the proper business of human life is to prepare for eternity. Search the Scriptures, for by them instructed ye may obtain eternal life. Accustom yourselves "to hold high converse" with your God by prayer, that blessed medium of communication with the Father of our spirits; plead the merits of his Son's atonement; obey the precepts of his glorious gospel; implore the aid and influence of The Holy Ghost, and ye shall indeed "find rest unto your souls:" ye shall rise superiour to the calamities of mortality, receive the summons of death with holy confidence and joy, and arise from your graves, the heirs of eternal felicity and glory.

"Religion's all. Descending from the skies
To wretched man, the Goddess in her left
Holds out this world, and in her right the next.
Religion! Providence! an after state!
Here is firm footing; here is solid rock.
This can support us, all is sea besides;
Sinks under us, bestorms and then devours."

Night Thoughts, N. 4, 550.

Receive now, amiable youths, the just and honourable reward of your literary labours, while students in this Seminary.

The following is a copy of the certificate given

In testimony of the zeal and industry with which A B has pursued, and the honourable proficiency which he has attained, in the studies of Grammar, Writing, Arithmetick, Composition, Elocution, Natural History, Geography, and Logick, in The Philadelphia Academy, under my tuition, of which he has given proof by a publick examination:

And also in testimony of my affectionate regard, and sincere wishes for his future prosperity and usefulness, I have granted him these presents.

Dated at Philadelphia, the thirtieth day of July, A. D. 1808.

JAMES ABERCROMBIE, D. D.
Director of The Philadelphia Academy.

Each of the following young gentlemen received a certificate, viz.

John B. Abercrombie,
William Carman,
Benjamin Clarke,
John D. George,
John Hampton,
Isaac Keemele,
William L. Lees,
Daniel H. Mandeville,
Richard S. Mason,
William A. Muhlenberg,
John S Newbold,
Leeson H. Simmons,
John Singer,
Thomas Sparhawk,
William Wagner,
Charles S. West,
William H. Woodward.

The publick Examination of the Class, in the various branches, mentioned in the above certificate, was held in the Hall, the day preceding the Commencement.

POLITE LITERATURE.

For The Port Folio.

A Poem with notes, in the manner of The Pursuits of Literature, has lately passed through eleven editions, in London, in a very short

time. The Poet appears to be a perfect Pittite, and has entitled his performance, "*All the Talents*," in ironical allusion to a late administration in England, who, rather arrogantly, vaunted that they had a sort of monopoly in all the articles of genius, and political wisdom. Our bard is a perfect infidel on this occasion, and lashes Lord Howick, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Tierney, Mr. Whitbread, and even Mr. Windham himself. Nor is the late Lord High Chancellor spared, however gifted with eloquence, or *strong in honesty*. Of the justice of the strictures of this satirist, who calls himself Polypus, we will not give any opinion. But the poem, considered merely as a literary performance, is entitled to much praise, for the vigour, with which it is conceived, and for the harmony of the versification. It displays a vein of invention, much poignancy of wit; and the notes are sometimes merry, and sometimes wise.

The following is the poet's tribute to the memory of Pitt:

"*With two sole blessings Pitt performed his part,*
A godlike Genius and an honest heart.
Need I say more? to amplify were vain,
Since these alone all human good contain.

Yet will I praise him, when from toils retired,
Nor wealth he took, nor recompense desired;
But while the share his tranquil acres turned,
Still with a patriot's noble ardour burned;
Saw there remained more duties to fulfil,
And grasped the sword, to save his country still!
More awful with one boy to tend his meal,
Than served by Senates following at his heel.

Yet will I praise him, at his latest breath,
When firm, serene, a patriot ev'n in death,
Not for himself the parting hero sighed,
But on his country fondly calling, died.

O then, how tears stole down each honest face!
O then, how Faction shouting rushed to place!

Buonaparte is thus described in the exordial lines of Dialogue the Second.

Behold, my friend, o'er Europe's hapless land,
Almighty vengeance stretch its iron hand;
Its impious agent every realm enthral,
And with wide-wasting carnage, cover all.
The human fiend, each day, each hour he lives,
Still to the world some baleful evil gives.
Oh, when he dies, what shouts shall shake the sphere,
New suns shall shine, and double moons appear;
Death through the world one holyday shall make,
And hell get drunk with sulphur for his sake!
His throne a pile of human sculls sustains,
And bones that fell on those unhappy plains
Where pale *Toulon* lay prest beneath her dead,
Where *Lodi* fought, and fell *Marengo* bled.
Professing every faith, he mocks his God,
And Virtue trembles underneath his nod;
The nations crouching round his pomp adorn;
Britannia sits apart and smiles in scorn,
Calm and unharmed amidst his impious ire,
While trembling millions from the strife retire.
So round some cliff when now the tempest roars,
And the weak Linnet downward turns her oars,
The royal Eagle, from his craggy throne,
Mounts the loud storm, majestick and alone;
And steers his plumes athwart the dark profound,
While roaring thunders replicate around!

But now, roused slowly from her opiate bed,
Lethargick Europe lifts the heavy head;
Feels round her heart the creeping torpor close,
And starts with horrour from her dire repose.

Favoured by Heav'n, let *Britons* bend the knee,
And thank that awful Pow'r who keeps us free;
Own Him our strength, on Him repose our all,
Sedate in triumph, and resigned to fall.

As a pleasing contrast to this gloomy sketch, let us survey the poet's picture of the monarch of Great Britain.

Health to the King, *the more I think*, I give
This heart-felt utt'rance—*May our Monarch live!*

Yes, let the muse, unbrib'd, a tribute bring,
Of duteous praise, and pay it to her King;
A feeling tribute, issuing from the heart,
Not glossed by flattery, and not strained by art.
He, friend to awful truth, alike disdains,
The Muse who gilds a name, the Muse who stains;
Pleased, if his virtues in his acts survive,
And fame more lasting than of verse derive.

O Piety approved! O heart sincere!
O fost'ring Mercy, and unknowing Fear,
From thee meek Worth ne'er turns unheard away;
To thee poor wretches confidently pray;
Thee, scorning pomp of retinue and plate,
Prudence makes rich, and virtue renders great.
No rash desire to stretch thy graceful reign,
Beyond the bound our equal laws ordain,
Distracts the state—yet villains vainly seek
To bend the temper they despair to break.

Blest Prince, from thee, let thy own Britons learn,
The true sublime of moral to discern;
And as thy virtues joyfully they scan,
Admire alike the monarch and the man!

The poet's friend, an interlocutor in the dialogue, and who is called Scriblerus, apparently vexed at the habitual sarcasms, which so often

"Point the keen taunt, and edge the bitter gibe,"

in this poem, asks, in a kind of pet,

Will you praise Petty?——

POLYPUS.

Ah, poor Petty, true—
I once had hope the little lad might do.
But Petty ne'er a prodigy will prove;
Ne'er burn the Thames, or make the tide remove.
Once the smart boy (as daily papers tell)
Performed a pretty speech extremely well;
Then seized th'*Exchequer*, feeble and unfit,
But *All the Talents hoped another *Pitt*.

Ev'n as some mother, rapt in silent joy,
Beside the slumbers of her only boy,
Sees every human beauty flourish fair,
In his thick lips, flat nose, and flamy hair!
But our **young Roscius*, scorning to control
The mighty whims that labour in his soul,
Aims at more merit than of mere finance,
Learn friend, that Petty *practises to dance!*
Unites at once activity and wit,
Both heel and head; both *Parisot* and *Pitt*.
His mind and body mutual graces show,
And now he points a *period*—now a *toe:*
At balls he capers, and at senates plods;
A dancing Chancellor, by all the gods!
Ev'n *beardless* statesmen are no vulgar evil,
But a *financial D'Egville* is the Devil!
O rule reversed, O weeping change and wild,
When children play the man, and man the child.

But Polypus does not always inveigh against the great men, or the little men of his acquaintance. In the following passage, the language of panegyrick is deservedly employed.

I honour Moira; him no lust to rule,
Makes Fortune's votarist or Party's tool.
Foe to no sect, alike beloved of all,
He fears no venom, for he knows no gall.
Prompt to lull feuds, and passion to compose,
Yet from his tongue no adulation flows.
Ardent in arms, and apt in arts of peace,
He heaps up honour with a large increase;
Fame is his spur, and Virtue is his guide,
Let guilty glory snatch at all beside.

We shall conclude these extracts with a sketch of Mr. Sheridan, which resembles that of Zimri by Dryden in his Absalom and Atchitophel. This is the most brilliant passage in the poem. The couplet which be-

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* All the Talents *hoped another Pitt.*] *Dissimiles hic vir et ille puer*, however. Lord Henry labours hard to be a great man but he has not the necessary ingredients. The old Talents thought it expedient to astonish the nation with a young little Talent of their own begetting, so cried up poor Petty to the skies. But, alas! we find that they called him clever, just as people say a hare has wings—for *convenience'* sake.

* *Our young Roscius.*] I know not whether Betty or Petty, Petty or Betty have fallen the more in publick estimation:

Felices ambo! si quid mea carmina possunt, &c.

Yet times may change, and I do not despair of seeing *Master* Betty in Parliament, and *Master* Petty on the stage. At present, the Player gets by heart other men's tragedies; the Minister repeats farces of his own composing, and this is all the difference between them.

Voluisti *in suo genere*, unumcumque nostrum quasi quendam esse *Roscium*. Cic.

gins, "To grasp this Proteus," is forcible and felicitous, and the concluding lines, whether just or not, are eminently poetical.

It seems to be generally regretted by the friends of the *sparkling* Sheridan, that he so often *extinguishes* himself. For, after all that political prejudice can suggest, it is certain, that he has much light, and heat within, and that, phosphorick as the glow-worm, or radiant as a star, he may shine in what sphere he pleases. No man, since Congreve, has produced such plays, no man, since Townsend, has made wittier speeches. But, alas! as our poet somewhere says,

Sheridan whole days in port will steep,
And thank his stars that claret is so cheap,
And, still distorting all his fairer fate,
Born *to plot plays*, affects to plan the state.

Fixed thoughts on Sheridan 'tis vain to seek,
Who from himself is varying every week;
And pict'ring, like a cloud at close of day,
Fantastick features never at a stay:
Where heads of asses or of hogs erase
The short-lived semblance of a human face.
Where on his throne at Ammon as we stare,
He turns a monkey and his throne a bear.
To grasp this Proteus, were to cork in jars
The fleeting rainbows and the falling stars.
Now calm he lives, and careless to be great,
Now deep in plots, and blust'ring in debate.
Now drinking, rhyming, dicing, pass his day,
And now he plans a peace, and now a play.
The magick wand of eloquence assumes,
Or sweeps up jests, and brandishes his brooms;
A giant sputtering pappy from the spoon,
A mighty trifler, and a sage buffoon.
With too much wit to harbour common sense;
With too much spirit even to *spare* expense;
To tradesman, jockey, porter, Jack and Jill,
He pays his court—but never pays his bill.
By fitful turns in sense and folly sunk,
Divinely eloquent or beastly drunk;
A splendid wreck of talents misapplied,
By sloth he loses what he gains by pride.
Him mean, great, silly, wise, alike we call,
The pride, the shame, the boast, the scorn of all!

For The Port Folio.

In these cold shades, beneath these shifting skies,
Where Fancy sickens, and where Genius dies;
There still are found a few, to whom belong
The fire of Genius, and the soul of song.
Clifton.

Previously to any successful step towards general refinement, there must be a preparatory advancement in the minds of society in general. Abrupt efforts tending to social improvement, when made by individuals, are more frequently followed by ridicule than success. This is the necessary consequence of the undeniable position, that as the mind cannot comprehend what it is not prepared to conceive, the most sublime truth, or most absurd errour, being often equally unintelligible to ignorance or incapacity, must meet with a similar assent or rejection. Hence genius and eccentricity, the virtuoso and the philosopher, the scholar and the pedant, the quack and the physician, are in the eyes of the vulgar often confounded. Ideas and theories which we cannot understand, may be unintelligible to us, either because they are too profound or too absurd for our conception; and the latter conclusion, being the least offensive to pride, is generally adopted; unless in those instances, where previous sanction, bestowed by our acknowledged superiours, obliges us to assume a contrary inference. Superiour genius is often honoured by the literary and scientifick world before it is recognized by its immediate associates. In those less noted instances of intellectual superiority, where extraneous sanction is not obtained by an appeal to the world of literature and science, the refined voice of taste or genius is often drowned by the

gross clamour of ignorance and incapacity, stimulated by vanity and pride. The excursions of fancy or invention, are clogged by prejudice, or checked by ridicule: and the mind, diffident of powers, which unapplauded efforts have taught it to distrust, becomes depressed into a state of despondency and inaction.

However, independently of the obstacles thus arising, it must be admitted, that in mixt company, the discussion of topicks, above general intelligence, is forbidden by that rule of good breeding, which enjoins a regard to the taste of our associates, however inferiour, in preference to our own. Indeed, it is so highly weak and ridiculous to force ideas on unwilling auditors, that it never will be attempted by any one of superiour intellect, unless by accident or mistake. Of course, elevated topicks of conversation can rarely be introduced in any circle, until the members have generally obtained a correspondent degree of cultivation and taste. Hence, as the majority are always indisposed to study, the progress of general improvement is necessarily very slow.

Indeed, there is no other mode by which it can be effected, than the occasional suspension of the ordinary colloquial restraints, when sanctioned by circumstances, or authorized by an unusual assemblage of men addicted to superiour habits of reading and thought. How fortunate the society, where the incipient efforts of genius and taste are distinguished, protected, and encouraged by individuals, whose talents and celebrity raise them above the depreciating influence of ignorance, vanity, prejudice, and ridicule. In deference to such characters, the ordinary shackles of conversation are suspended, and topicks are brought into discussion, which may display the wisdom of a sage and gratify the curiosity of his auditors. It was thus that the illustrious Johnson found a willing auditory, even among the fair and fashionable. Perhaps, no consequence of individual wisdom and celebrity, could be more favourable to general improvement, than this occasional invasion of a rule, by which conversation is so closely restricted within the pale of levity and ignorance; and which renders it more safe to speak of any other topick than that which we best understand.

This restriction arises from a distaste, founded principally in vanity and indolence. The one renders any communication more agreeable, than that which requires attention; the other is more offended by any obvious superiority in an associate, than gratified by instruction, or disgusted by nonsense. But every one possessed of a just pride and cultivated taste, must wish this rule reversed: so evident is the advantage which must result to society, when opprobrium or ridicule, shall be attached to those who speak ignorantly, and not to those who speak of what they understand.

But, however desirable may be the repeal of restraints, so injurious to the improvement of society, and to the interest and value of colloquial intercourse, the efforts of the few will ever be incompetent to produce any sudden and general amelioration. Hence, the advantage of those literary clubs, where the amateurs of science and literature enjoy at least a temporary emancipation from those shackles, which otherwise they dare not infract.

There is no mode of instruction at the same time so pleasing and

efficient, as the conversation of men of learning, taste, and information. The stimulus to our exertions, arising from the discovery of our deficiency, and the ambition of attaining a similar rank among those who can duly appreciate our acquirements, is productive of still greater advantage than the direct acquisition of ideas. The excitement of such society is peculiarly necessary, in a country, where the predominating necessity of pecuniary enterprize, tends to diminish our susceptibility to the more delicate influence of literary and scientifick taste.

The lines of an American poet, quoted at the head of this paper, do much injustice to the climate of our country, and the accusation they contain is confuted by the genius of their authour. It is not our cold shades, or fleeting skies, which deaden American fancy or genius; they are obstructed by those weeds, which, in every situation, arise out of human passions and necessity, until displaced by the gradual influence of cultivation, or the accumulated growth of taste and knowledge.

Nothing in the chief cities of Europe appears more enviable than their assemblages of the literary and scientifick. How delightful, to frequent society, similar to that described by Marmontel, where wit, genius, and knowledge were predominant; or that formed by the ingenious associates of the celebrated Johnson, of whose conversation, many agreeable specimens are recorded. Who can contemplate associations so interesting, without wishing, even for a humble seat, in a similar society. It is not surprizing, that we have no congenial knots among us, formed with similar views, if not with equal pretensions. We have had clubs, where law, cards, chess, and musick have been the ostensible object of occupation; but none of eminence where literature and science have been the principal objects of attention. Whatever may be our scholastick inferiority, when compared with the more learned Europeans, there are many among us, who possess a mixture of ideas, derived from the combined sources of books and observation, which are preferable to the views of mere schoolmen:

"There still are found a few, to whom belong
The fire of genius, and the soul of song."

A judicious selection and assemblage is only wanting, to produce society, where the voice of genius, literature, and science, may be sufficiently reverberated, to render colloquial intercourse highly interesting and instructive.

ANALYTICUS.

For The Port Folio.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. John Vallance, an ingenious Engraver of this city, has lately published the first number of what he denominates "A New Writing Book, or Patent Stereotype Copy-Book, by which Teachers are saved immense labour, and Pupils learn to write a good hand in less than half the time it formerly occupied." On a careful analysis both of the plan and execution of this work, it appears fully entitled to the attention both of preceptors and pupils. The letters of the alphabet, and the figures of notation, are impressed, with red ink on the page, in the form of *outlines*, which are to be filled up with black ink, by the learner. The whole mystery, as it has been

fancied, of acquiring the power of accurate and elegant penmanship, is, by Mr. Vallance's book, clearly shown to consist in the uniform application of a sloping line in the formation of each letter. All the best and most beautiful specimens of penmanship we have ever seen, were formed on this basis. The treatises of Astle, in England, and the very copious and elegant work of Mr. Dean, of this country, abound with striking exemplifications. The writer of this article, when a schoolboy, wrote what is called an excellent hand, and he was taught penmanship upon Mr. Vallance's principle, though the manner of applying it was made much more tedious and operose. In this country, almost every parent is anxious that his child should reach the temple of wisdom, by the *shortest possible cut;* and such is our reverence for Mammon, that we cannot sufficiently commend an anxiety so laudable. Mr. Vallance's scheme of penmanship is certainly not an expensive one, and from that circumstance, as well as its intrinsick merit, we doubt not, that it will be sufficiently popular. We understand from Mr. V. himself, that the simplicity of his system must make it obvious, that the learner's endeavours to write a good hand in a short time, must be attended with the most complete success. He presumes that no plan can exceed this, in teaching writing, as the copy being always at the point of the pen must facilitate the efforts of the learner; and by diminishing his labour, give more time to the teacher to instruct his pupil in the various departments of useful science and polite literature. If this specimen be satisfactorily encouraged, the proprietor intends to furnish as great a variety of copies as can be necessary of all the different hands that are in practice.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

Lancaster Assizes.

Yesterday the great cause sent from the court of chancery, to try the validity of the Will of the late Mr. Perrin, of Warrington, came on before Mr. Justice Le Blanc. It will be remembered that the testator, whose property is said to amount to more than one hundred thousand pounds, disinherited his only daughter, if she should marry a Scotsman; she afterwards did marry a Mr. Geddies, a native of that part of the United Kingdom; she died under age, having survived the birth of her son only a few days. It was insinuated on the part of this child, now an infant five years old, that the old gentleman was not sane for some time before he made his will.

The cause excited an uncommon degree of interest, and a curiosity to hear Mr. Garrow, attracted an immense multitude. Our court, said to be the largest and best in England, was filled to overflowing before daylight. We never saw such an assemblage of beautiful women, anxious to seize an opportunity of hearing the celebrated London advocate; but to their unspeakable mortification and disappointment, when the Judge took his seat, at nine o'clock, an intimation was given, that some circumstances must necessarily occur, of a nature not proper for a female audience; never did we see chagrin so visibly expressed, those who had spared no pains to be admitted, and many from a great distance, reluctantly retired; some groups of charming young ladies in the attire of Quakers, by the help of their bonnets managed to stand it out.—It was admitted on all hands, that Mr. Garrow's address which occupied three entire hours, was one of the best that ever was heard in a court of law. At

seven o'clock in the evening, when Mr. Garrow concluded, the court adjourned to this day, when he produced several important witnesses, after which our attorney general (the king's senior serjeant Cockell) made a most powerful reply. The evidence was summed up with remarkable perspicuity by the Judge, and the Jury without retiring gave a verdict in favour of the Will.

Mr. Garrow then conducted three causes for Mr. Geddies, against the three London Insurance Companies, in each of which he recovered 5,000*l*.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not stay.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

The following Hendecasyllabick Ode, not more distinguished for the pure and graceful Latinity of its style than the delicacy and beauty of the conceptions, was addressed to Miss Brunton (late Mrs. Warren) by Francis Wrangham, the supposed authour of the Pursuits of Literature. It speaks more than volumes could in her praise; and will be read, I think, with fond regret by every admirer of that accomplished actress, who, alas! is now no more.

AD BRUNTONAM.

E GRANTA EXITURAM.

Nostri præsidium et decus theatri;
O tu, Melpomene severioris
Certe filia! quam decere formæ
Donavit Cytherea; quam Minerva
Duxit per dubiæ vias juventæ,
Per plausus populi periculosos;—
Nec lapsam—precor, O nec in futuram
Lapsuram. Satis at Camœna dignis
Quæ te commemoret modis? Acerbos
Seu præferre Monimiæ dolores,
Frater cum vetitos (nefas!) ruebat
In fratris thalamos, parumque casto
Vexabat pede; sive Julietæ
Luctantes odio paterno amores
Maris: te sequuntur Horror,
Arrectusque comas Pavor. Vicissim
In fletum populus jubetur ire,
Et suspiria personant theatrum.

Mox divinior enitescis, altrix
Altoris vigil et parens parentis.
At non Græcia sola vindicavit
Paternæ columen decusque vitæ
Natam; restat item patri Britanno
Et par Euphrasiæ puella, quamque
Ad scenam pietas tulit paternam.

O Bruntona, cito exitura virgo,
Et visu cito subtrahenda nostro,
Breves deliciæ, dolorque longus!
Gressum siste parumper oro; teque
Virtutesque tuas lyra sonandas
Tradit Granta suis vicissim alumnis.

TRANSLATION.

Maid of unboastful charms, whom white-
robed Truth,
Right onward guiding through the maze
of youth,
Forbade the Circe PRAISE, to 'witch thy
soul,
And dash to earth the intoxicating bowl:
Thee meek-eyed Pity, eloquently fair,
Clasped to her bosom with a mother's care;
And as she loved thy kindred form to trace,
The slow smile wandered o'er her pallid
face.
For never yet did mortal voice impart
Tones more congenial to the saddened
heart;
Whether to rouse the sympathetick glow,
Thou pourest lone Monimia's tale of wo;
Or haply clothest with funereal vest
The bridal loves that wept in Juliet's breast,
O'er our chill limbs the thrilling terrours
creep,
The entranced passions their still vigils
keep;
While the deep sighs, responsive to the
song,
Sound through the silence of the trembling
throng.
But purer raptures lighten'd from thy face,
And spread o'er all thy form a holier
grace;
When from the daughter's breasts the fa-
ther drew
The life he gave, and mix'd the big tear's
dew.
Nor was it thine th' heroick strain to
roll,
With mimick feelings, foreign from the
soul;
Bright in thy parent's eye we mark'd the
tear:
Methought he said, "Thou art no actress
here!
A semblance of thyself, the Grecian dame,
And *Brunton* and *Euphrasia* still the same!"
O, soon to seek the city's busier scene,

Pause thee awhile, thou chaste-eyed maid serene,
Till Granta's sons, from all her sacred bow'rs,
With grateful hand shall weave Pierian flow'rs,
To twine a fragrant chaplet round thy brow,
Enchanting ministress of virtuous wo!

[*North American.*

ODE TO COLUMBIA.

Columbia! hast thou ears to hear?
Columbia! hast thou eyes to see?
Is *Independence* to thee dear,
And dear the name of *Liberty*?

By Washington's immortal fame,
By all that freemen ought to prize,
Quench headstrong Passion's frantick flame;
Be cool, be cautious, and be wise.

Be not cajoled by treacherous Gaul;
Pin not thy faith on Falsehood's sleeve;
By Europe's folly, Europe's fall,
Learn whom to doubt, whom to believe.

Has Britain wronged thee—seek redress
By fair complaint, by bold demand;
But till refused it, still repress
The hostile threat, the hostile band.

Tis Britain's interest, and tis thine,
The bond of friendship to renew,
When Europe's tyrants all combine
Freedom's last refuge to subdue.

Were Britain once put down by France,
And sunk among her list of slaves,
Would not fell Gallia soon advance,
To *shackle thee* across the waves?

Would he, whose ever-plodding brain
Ambition's boldest projects throng,
Permit Columbia to remain
Unfettered, unmolested long?

Read the oppressor's fierce decrees,
In fury forged, in vengeance hurled,
Against the mistress of the seas,
Against the commerce of the world.

Does he deserve thy confidence,
Who bullies all—who all annoys;
Who cares not where he gives offence,
Who cares not what his rage destroys?

AIR,

By a Camerian Indian.

When shall we three meet again?
When shall we three meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we three shall meet again!

Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parch'd beneath a hostile sky,
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls:
Still in Fancy's rich domain
Oft shall we three meet again.

When around this youthful pine
Moss shall creep and ivy twine,
When our burnished locks are grey,
Thinn'd by many a toil-spent day;
May this long-lov'd bower remain:
Here may we three meet again!

When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamp is dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade
Beauty, Power and Fame are laid,
Where immortal spirits reign,
Then may we three meet again!

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

From Hafiz, Ode 2.

Shiraz, O city so superbly placed,
Lo! I salute thy towers and noble halls;
May tempests ne'er their varied riches waste,
Bow down thy turrets or assail thy walls.

O Roenabad! may Heaven preserve thy spring,
That life like Kedher's still prolong'd relumes;
In Mossellay the zephyr shakes his wing,
In Giaferabad he wafts perfumes.

Haste! fly to Shiraz, and the smiles implore
Of its soft virgins, beautiful and young;
Maids, whom for Angels, mortals might adore:
Charmed by the starry eye and magick tongue.

Light Zephyr, what fond message dost thou bring
From her whose tresses grace and kindness wove?
But ah, in mercy! stay thy useless wing—
O, I was dreaming in the arms of love!

Does my beloved seek to shed thy blood?
O yield it heart! to cruel beauty kind;
Free as her mother's breast the genial flood
Drawn by the lips of innocence resign'd.

O Hafiz! since so much thou fear'st the hour,
When Separation comes with heavy eye,
How shouldst thou thank the still indulgent Power,
That yet the cheeks of Love and Joy are nigh.

CARLOS.

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